



### This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the first balloon ascension in this country. It was made in Philadelphia in 1793, and it is interesting in view of the rapid strides in acronautics made in the past few years. Even twenty-five years ago the idea of a dirigible airship was largely a dream.

# When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

## Anne Finds Jim Playing for Stakes With Evvy, and the Last Named Wins Also in a Witty Battle

(Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate.)

Y the time Sheldon and I returned from our drive twilight had deepened to dusk, and both of us were in a subdued, before-dinner mood as we left the gray car at the curb and hurried up to my apartment. Candle-lit dusk greeted us when

we entered-dim lights and a hush that was almost startling. It seemed to be that absolute quiet that follows some electric movement. "Hello, the house! Do Rip Van Winkle and the Sleeping Beauty abide here?" called Sheldon ban-

I felt grateful to him for breaking the spell; but it could be banished only by dispelling the shadows and mystery of the room. So I pressed the switch and flooded the place with light. Then Evvy laughed nervously and cried:

"Say, you two barbarians from the outer world, don't you knew a glare like that is bad for Rip's

Then something in my beain went "click." Evvy, it seemed, was loath to have the lights go up until she and Jim had a little time in which to collect themselves-to adjust themselves to our presence, Again she made me feel the intruder, the outsider in my own home. For a second I was actually heartsickand then I remembered Sheldon's hand on my hair. If he would play up to me now, perhaps Jim would notice and recognize that "what's sauce for the gander" may be very saucy for the goose.
I turned to Sheldon.

#### A Provocative Remark.

"This isn't as inspiring a lighting scheme as that wonderful sunsetor the dusky little path in the parkis it?" I said in a voice I hoped was provocative.

Sheldon got his cue.
"Hush! That's our own special path-Lady Anne-and we don't want to share it with the world,"

path-all ours? You haven't shown it to another As I asked it, I whipped off my hat and fluffed up my hair with

my fingers, smiling with a little of that world wisdom that probably was born in Mother Eve. "It's all ours, and if you'll only stand with the candle-light on that derful hair for a minute more,

I'll be tempted to offer you the world-not a mere path." "And if I pose in the candle-light for an hour," I asked, daringly, will you promise to stay and keep me from getting tired and-lone-

"You try me!" As he replied, Sheldon came to my side and slipped a supporting hand under each elbow. His eyes sparkled. Evidently this was a game he liked playing. Truth to tell it made me most uncomfortable -but to counterbalance that there was the hope that Jim would notice

how the man in the case was

"You look pretty enough to kiss. kiddie-all flushed and windtossed It's a pity I can't run over and do it, but I refuse to appoint Sheldon a committee of one to attend to it for me. Instead, like a dutiful wife, you come to Friend Husband." "How disappointing you are, Jim-

mie," cried Evvy with a quick flash of her eyes at Sheldon. "Any regular husband would be fealous of our handsome Shelly. Can't you see how dangerous he is?" Jim laughed, and Sheldon joined

him. But in that laugh of shel-don's I read full consciousness of the thing Evvy had tried to convey namely, that I wasn't thinking of him at all, but was using him to make my husband aware of the charm I might have for other men. When I reached the couch, Jim drew me down to his side, gave me

a careless kiss, and said: "Anne, I want you to persuade Evvy to take the money she won. Twice we played 'double or quits,' and both times that clever child defeated me utterly. Some checkerqueen, Evvy. Take your money, lady champion."

"Jim, how often do we have to go over that?" Evvy's voice was sharp. "I won't walk out of here with about \$10 of yours, like a regular little card shark—that's all. ]

"Don't be silly, Evvy. You wor. didn't you? Well, believe me, it I'd won I'd be taking the spoils. And also believe me, next time we play I'll rake in my pile if I'm the winner. Otherwise what's the use of playing? How about it, Shelly?" Sheldon looked uneasily at Evvy.

"Oh, why all the fuss, Jimmieboy?" broke in the girl before Shel-don could reply. "You don't have to call in Anne and Shelly as referees. This is between us. I came to amuse an invalid, not to fleece him. You weren't playing your usual game, and all bets are off. If I hear another word about this filthy lucre I'll never play any games at all with you any more!"

Was this the cause, the only cause, of that strange silence when I came in? Still questioning, I began mechanically to insist that Evvy take her winnings, but she waved me aside almost angrily. "Stop bickering over a trifle!" she cried with utter indifference to the

Then she slipped into her motor coat and dragged Sheldon off with an impudent little parting shot: "If you'd behaved, Jimmie-boy I might have suggested sending our two fresh-air fiends out to dine,

while we had a cozy little party in the candlelight" Before anyone could reply the door slammed "Would you have liked that— 'party in the candlelight?" I ask-

ed breathlessly. "Yes, with you," murmured Jim.

"You darling!" I flung myself at his side, and there, staring at me insolently, was

"Jim, you can't let her fling back

the money she won like this. Why

Jim pushed the money to a corner

"When I buy any gifts they will

be for you." In his voice was a note

of the tenderness I loved to call

up. Then in a moment he went on

almost brusquely, "I'll find a way

to square this with Evvy. Now for

And picking up a volume from

the couch at his side, Jim went

To Be Continued.

some more double-entry."

back to his bookkeeping.

don't you buy her something?"

of the table.

Newest Waists and Latest Collars These Models from Good Housekeeping, the Magazine of Authority in All Matters Pertaining to Women and the Home



If your spirits are so high you can match them only with a hand-embroidered blouse, here it is, made of white French batiste, buttoned in the back, and with a vest of Madeira embroidered linen, edged

with real filet.

# Little Bobbie's Pa

### By William F. Kirk.

DOANT know why I doant hear from Aunt Doll, sed Pa; she sed she was going to rite me a

I supposs she is vary bizzy with her frends in the West, sed Ma. You know you arent a vary good hand yurself to rite letters. I was three whole days at Bath Beech onst, sed Ma, & I only got one letter from you.

Maybe she is bizzy, sed Pa. but wen anybody promises to rite & you keep looking for letters it malks you feel kind of uneesy. My unkel Harry is the saim way

he does about all he says is Excuse poor riteing & spelling. Bobbie, sed Pa, wen you grow up always be vary careful to keep up yure corrys-podens, sed Pa. It is one of the first marks of a true lady or gent, sed Pa, to keep the letters

I wrote a letter to my grandma last week, I sed; I luv her & it is neerly Christmus. That is good hedwork, sed Pa. Always remember the old & well fixed, said Pa, espeshully around the Holidays. Riteing letters is going out of style, I guess, sed Pa, wen

corry-spondens, sed Pa. Indeed, sed Ma, how romantick! Oh, yes, sed Pa, one of them used to call me her Mark Antony. She used to call me her Mark for short. sed Pa, espeshully wen I wud taik

You were moar of a theeter goer in them young days than you have been of lait, sed Ma. I doant git to

The yeers go by & bring ( changes, sed Pa. I used to deelite in the stage wen I knew so many of the prefesshun, but it is different now. But as I was saying to Bobbie, sed Pa, it is well to keep up a corryspendens with our near & deer

ones that you rite to, I hoap, sed Ma. I hoap none of those yung ladies you was jest speeking of is still taiking there pen in hand & dropping you a line. They had better not, sed Ma. No, sed Pa, that is all ded memo-

ries, sed Pa, ashes of roses. What, sed Ma. Ashes of roses, sed Pa. & sweet memries that cum with the last crimson glow of the sunset, Pa sed. Merciful hevings, sed Ma, I fear

I do, sed Pa, very well & happy. espeshully wen I think of them golden days wen all of Life was bordered with purpel dreems, sed Pa. I am thinking now of Grace. sed Pa. & a butiful sunset on a Minnesoty Lake, sed Pa. & a boat that drifted with the evening breezes. But let the ded past lay away its vagrant thots, sed I'a, & let us march down the shining yeers of the future with only a thot now & then of them wich we

Who started this talk, sed Ma. Bobbie, sed Pa. he was asking me about Aunt Poll. But as I sed befoar, sed Pa, let the past be forgot in the splendur of the Peaceful Present, sed Pa. Wen I feel blue now sed Pa, I always think of the Kiser & git a good laff, & then Pa beegan to read his paper & I went

# THE FAMOUS

Wilson's right-hand man, possesses a ready wit. Just before leaving Washington in order to be present at the Versailles conference, he attended a reception at a fashionable woman's club.

seen on every side, but not one of them had gray hair. All were golden blondes.

A male friend pointed this out to House, at the same time expressing mild surprise.

gallant colonel, his eyes twinkling. "You must understand that after forty women keep their hair light and their age dark."

it appears that he was on the point of rehearsing a new play,

the rehearsal being timed to begin at 11 o'clock. Looking around at the assembled company, he noticed that one lady

manager. "She has permission to come at 11:30," was the reply, "as she is washing her head." "Nonsense," growled Sir Arthur. in pre'ended anger, as he took off his hat, displaying his bald head.

school at Venice. The premier visited him one day, taking a lady "My brother," said Signor Orlan-

"enthusiastically explained everything to us, and asked the young lady if she understood it all. "Yes, she replied 'all but one thing. "'What's that?"

"'What makes the aeroplanes

# The Club-Footed Man

## A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS Kore Provides Desmond With False Discharge Papers and Gets Him a Job as a Waiter

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)
Desmond Okewood, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a man named Semlin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is conducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser.

Desmond, having convinced Von Boden he is really Semlin, is ushered into the residence of the Kaiser. Later he receives a cipher message from his brother, Francis.

Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains what he wants of Semlin.

Desmond encounters Monica, who hides him from Clubfoot's men. She explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

The amateur spy is forced to fee from his hiding place and is adrift in Berlin.

But didn't he tell you where he was going?" "He didn't even tell me he was going, Herr. He just vanished."
"When was this?"

"Somewhere about the first week in July . . it was the week of the bad news from France." The message was dated July 1, I

"I have a good set of Swedish papers," the Jew continued, "very respectable timber merchant " " with those one could live in the best hotels and no one say a word. Or Hungarian papers, a party rejected medically . . . very safe hose, but perhaps the gentleman doesn't speak Hungarian. That would be essential."

"I am in the same case as my orother," I said, "I must disappear." "Not a deserter, Herr?" The Jew eringed at the word.
"Yes," I said. "After all, why

"I daren't do this kind of business any more, my dear sir, I really daren't! They are making it too dangerous."

"Come, come!" I said, "you were boasting just now that you could smooth out any difficulties. You can produce me a very satisfactory passport from somewhere, I am

"Passport! Out of the question, my dear gir! Let once one of my passports go wrong and I am ruin-ed. Oh, no! no passports where de-serters are concerned! I don't like the business " It's not safe. At the beginning of the war . . ah! that was different! Oi, oi, but they ran from the Yser and from Yprez! Oi, oi, and from Verdun! But now the police are more watchful. No! It is not worth it! It would cost you much money, besides."

I thought the miserable cur was trying to raise the price on me, but I was mistaken. He was frightened; the business was genuinely distasteful to him.

I tried, as a final attempt to per-suade him, an old trick; I showed him my money. He wavered at once, and, after many objections, protesting to the last, he left the room. He returned with a handful of filthy papers,

"I oughtn't to do it-I know I shall rue it-but you have overper suaded me and I liked Herr Eichenholz, a noble gentleman and free with his money-see here, the pa-

## Hygiene For Child's Mouth

By BRICE BELDEN, Me D. THE care of a child's teeth should begin before he is born; that is to say, an expectant mother must keep

her own teeth in good condition, for upon her own nutrition will depend the nutrition of her baby and the proper development of the baby's teeth. Unless such & mother keeps her teeth in good condition she cannot masticate and digest her food properly.

It is a mere superstition to believe that the teeth of an expectant mother should not be kept in as good repair as those of other people, and that loss of teeth is an nescapable penalty of motherhood Good teeth and a well-balanced diet in a mother mean good teeth in a child, provided that the child's mouth is reasonably well cared for after birth.

Thumb sucking and the use of pacifiers cause distortion of the roof of the mouth and irregularity of the teeth when they appear. Unsightly prominence of the upper teeth comes about in this way.

Sore mouths in babies would seldom occur if cleanliness were strictly observed. Cleanliness means swabbing out the mouth three times a day with sterile gause or absorbent cotton wrapped around the little finger, using warm boric acid solution as a mild and harmless antiseptic. The first, or milk teeth, should

not be allowed to decay and drop out without any attempt to preserve them. These teeth should be inspected by the dentist every four months, beginning at the second year. Cavities should be filled and the teeth made to last for a number of years. Some of these milk teeth are needed for five years and others for ten or more. Nowadays it is believed that the milk teeth should receive just as much atten-

tion as the teeth of adults. If the milk teeth fall out too early the permanent set do not take their place in proper alignment, for it is the roots of the milk teeth that guide the permanent teeth in the courses of their eruption. Do not have any milk teeth extracted if they can be saved.

Mouth breathing due to adenoids causes irregularity of the teeth on account of changes in the upper So that part of our mouth hygiene program may involve the re:noval of these disfiguring pers of a waiter, Julius Zimmermann, called up with the landwehr, but discharged medically unfit, milltary paybook and permis de sejour for fifteen days. These papers are only a gauarantee in case you come across the police; no questions will be asked where I shall send you." "But a fifteen days' permit!" I said. "What am I to do at the end

"Leave it to me," Kore said, craftily, "I will get it renewed for you. It will be all right!" "But in the meantime . . ." objected.

of that time?"

"I place you as waiter with a friend of mine, who is kind to poor fellows like yourself: Your brother was with him. "But I want to be free to move

"Impossible," the Jew answered firmly. "You must get into your part and live quietly in seclusion until the inquiries after you have abated. Then we may see as to what next to be done. There you are, a fine set of papers and a safe, comfortable life far away from the trenches all snug and secure-cheap (in spite of the danger to me), because you are a lad of spirit and I liked your brother thousand marks!"

I breathed again. Once we had reached the haggling stage, I knew the papers would be mine all right. With Semiln's money and my own I found I had about 2556, but I had no intention of paying out 2566 straightaway. So I beat the fellow down unmercifully and finally secured the lot for 3,600 marks—2168. But, even after I had paid the fellow his money, I was not done with

low his money, I was not done within. He had his eye on his per quisites. "Your clothes will pover do," he said; "such richness of apparel, such fine stuff—we must give you others." He rang the bell.

The old man servant appeared.
"A waiter's suit—for the Linian-Strass."

"A waiter's suit—for the Lines.

Strasse!" he said.

Then he led me into a bedreen, where a worn suit of German shoots was spread out on a soft. He made me change into it, and then harded me a threadbare green overcoat and a greasy green felt hat.

"So!" he said. "Now, if you don't shave for a day or two, you will look the part to the life!"—a re-

look the part to the lifer-mark which, while encours was hardly cor

He gave me a muffler to tie round my neck and lower part of my face and, with that greaty hat pulled down over my eyes and in those worn and shrunken ciothes, I must say I looked a pretty villainous person, the very antithesis of the sleek, well-dressed young fellow that had entered the flat half an

hour before.
"Now, Julius," said Kore humorously, "come, my lad, and we will seek out together the good situa-tion I have found for you." A horse-cab was at the door and we entered it together. The Jew

chatted pleasantly as we rattled through the darkness. He complinented me on my ready wit in deciphering Francis' message. "How do you like my idea?" he said, "'Achilles in his Tent' that is the device of the hidden

part of my business—you observe the parallel, do you not? Achilles helding himself aloof from the army and young men like yourself prefer the gentle pursuits of peace to the sterner profession of war! Clients of mine who have enjoyed a classical education have thought very highly of the humor of my The cab dropped us at the corne

was ablaze with light from end to end, and the Linien-Strasse, a moreow, squalid thoroughfare of the houses and mean shops. The street was all but deserted at that been save for an occasional policy but from cellars with steps leads down from the streets came Before one of these

trances the Jew stopped. At foot of the steep staircase lund down from the street was a giam door, its panels all gilster moisture from the heated a down, I following. A nauseous wave of hot of

mingled with rank tobacco smote us full as we opened the door. At first I could see nothing except a very fat man, against a dense curtain of smoke, sitting at a table before an enormous glass goblet of beer. Then, as the ham drifted before the draught, I die tinguished the outline of a long, low-ceilinged room, with small tables set along either side and a little bar, presided over by a tawdry female with chemically hair, at the end. Most of the tables were occupied, and there was almost as much noise as smoke in the place.

A woman's voice \*reamed: "Shut the door, can't you, I'm freezing!"
I obeyed and, following Kore to a table, sat down. A man in his shirt sleeves, who was pulling beer at the bar, left his beer-engine and, coming across the room to Kore, greeted him cordially, and asked him

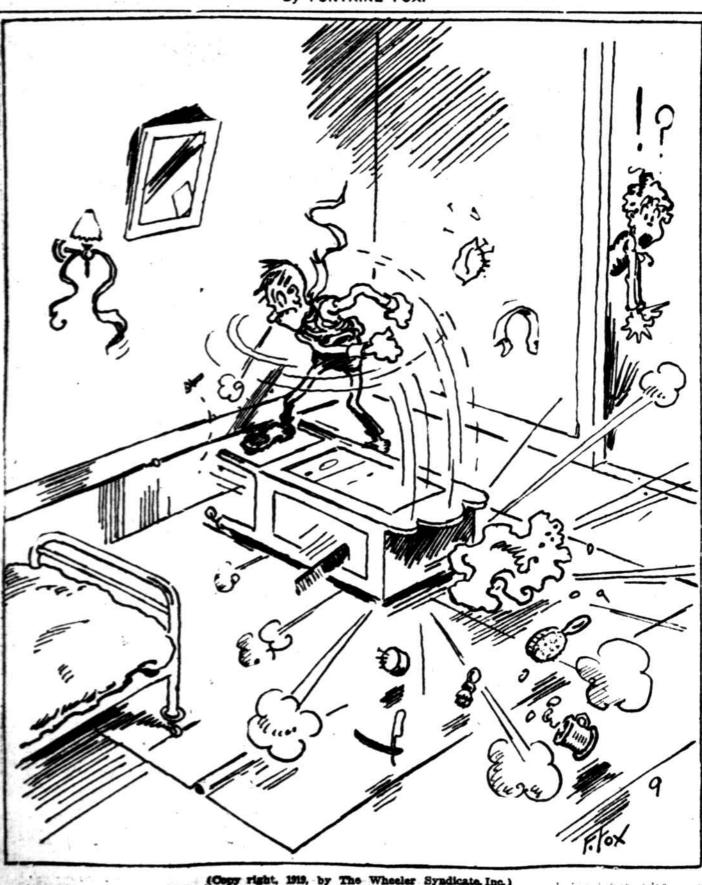
what we would take. Kore nudged me with his elbow. "We'll take a Boonekamp each

Haase," he said. (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## Aerolitic Alarm.

Harrikins, a special constable, was relating some of his experiences to a friend. "Last week," said he, "there were three youths standing at the corner of a street, and the moment they saw me they bolted as if for their lives. I was greatly surprised, because-" surely." interrupted his friend. "a bolt from the blue is usually sur-

### The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang's Collar Button Rolled Under the Dresser. By FONTAINE FOX.



(Copy right, 1919, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

sed Ma, he hardly ever rites & wen

cumming wen you are absent from them wich you luv, sed Pa.

I was yung I had several yung ladies with wich I kep up quite a

her to the shows.

see many shows with you.

You doant have any neer & deer

you doan't feel well.

loved in them days wich has went,

# ANECDOTES OF

OLONEL HOUSE, President

Handsome matrons were to be

"No need for wonder," said the

Here is a story concerning Sir sitting outside in the sun.

was absent. "Where is Miss Blank?" asked Sir Arthur, sharply, of his stage

"Why, I wash my head every morning, yet I'm never late for rehear-The Italian premier, Signor Orlando, has a brother at the aviation

#### all sorts of mice things for them to eat, and after that Puss Junior told them a story about the three blind mice whose tails were cut off by the farmer's wife. "And it was all on account of their eating her nut cake," added

look like a mouse at all, you know." Well, after that, Puss Junior said good-by, and, taking his seat upon the Gander's back, flew into the air and over the treetops far away, and by and by they came to a cave in the mountain side where there lived an old bear who was first

of Snow-white and Rose-red, whom Puss had met in an early adventure, oh, a long time ago. And as the Gander was wingweary they alighted near the cave and spoke to the bear, who was

> "Welcome to my mountain," he "My cousin has told me about a cat who wore boots, who once helped him regain his human form. Alas! I am a prince, also, but no one has yet come to deliver me from the spell." At these words Puss touched him

So they walked and walked, and at last they came to a funny little

house near a sparkling brook. So

here is a New Mother Goose Land

verse which a little bird began to

Six little mice sat down to eat,

Pussy passed by on tiptoe feet;

"What are you doing, my little

"Eating Johnny's cake and it tastes

"Shall I show you, my dears, how

"No, thank you, Miss Pussy, you

to pull out the plums?"

This made Goosey Goosey Gan-

der laugh, but it didn't make Puss

Junior even smile. He was now so

hungry he didn't know what to do.

So he tapped on the window, and

when the little mice saw him,

would you believe it, they opened

the door and said, "Come in, for we

So in walked our small traveler.

and Goosey Gander followed, and

pretty soon the six little mice had

Puss, "and she told me if they

would promise not to take even an-

other nibble she would give them

had run off some distance, and then

I came back to the old farmer's

wife and she gave me the three lit-

tle tails and then I returned them

to the mice, and you should have

seen how delighted they were. For

a mouse without a tail does not

cousin to the bear who was so fond

"Well, I spoke to them, for they

might bite off our thumbs!"

they stopped and looked in.

sing from a tree near by:

mice?"

real nice!"

know who you are!"

back their tails.

with the little gold ring he wore on his big toe and-would you believe it?-the bear became a handsome prince in a moment, and the cave turned into a stately castle. Copyright, 1919, David Cory. To Be Continued.

#### Overstocked. A Newcastle miner lodging at a

certain house on the outskirts of the city had a penchant for music. A friend called to spend an evening with him, and after a varied program of music had been gone through, and he was letting his friend out at the street door, he remarked, "Aaim thinkin' o' getting' a pair o' dumb-bells; will ye cum an' practice wi' me?" This was too much for the long suffering landlady. "Ye hev a pianner, a fiddle, an' a trumpet." she shouted down the stairs. "No mair musical instruments cums inter this hoose!"